THE VOICE OF THE ORIENT

Dilaram Kothi, opposite the Chutter Munzil, which once housed the royal librarian. Across the river the cream and gold of the piled-up palace, capped by the gold umbrella, proudly borne aloft and glinting in the sun, whose loveliness is doubled into the blue stream beneath, bordered by crimson sedges, that aqua-marine Goomti that Unguid, the pensioner, three times crossed with Havelock's message concealed in his ear.

Inside the mansion the company is as unique as its surroundings. Our host, an Indian of princely family, is busy *pro temps* arranging the meeting of workers in that cause whose love has convened us all here. So I am welcomed by a smart-looking Englishman, faultlessly dressed in Shantung silk, whom I take at first for a " heaven born," but who turns out to be an engine-driver of the Lucknow-Jhansi line, who presently gives us an excellent address on thought-control in an engine. He jumps up from his breakfast at a table where, as likely as not, he

may be wedged in between two ambassadresses, one reigning, the other a dowager, who in her day was the favourite *par excellence* of the queens and empresses of Europe. Sitting on

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